

image  
193  
DIGITAL  
EDITION  
McFARLANE  
CAPULLO

# SPAWN

ENDGAME PART NINE



Todd McFarlane and Image Comics Present

## ENDGAME PART 9



### PREVIOUSLY IN SPAWN

Clown's recruit hunts down a previously unknown player, but hits a snag along the way, wreaking havoc on a group of menacing vampires.

Jim returns to the alleyways to find the once restrained angel missing. Disappointed at yet another loss of information, Jim begins to leave, but finds the delirious angel crouched in a corner, stripped of her wings. The Freak, who returns to deliver a dark message, cuts their conversation short.

Between antagonizing Jim, the Freak lets him in on a little secret – his “diseased” body isn’t something that can be cured. He’s bound to the costume.

Adding more fuel to the fire, Violator enters to satisfy an agenda of his own.

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#### SPAWN CREATED BY

**TODD McFARLANE**



YOU  
SEE, SOME  
OF US HOLD  
THE **SECRETS**  
YOU'RE  
SEARCHING  
FOR.

ABOUT  
YOUR COSTUME.  
ABOUT YOUR  
POWERS.

BUT MOST  
IMPORTANTLY--  
ABOUT  
**YOU!!**

SO, COME CLOSER, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY THEY CHOSE YOU TO BE THEIR NEW SPAWN.





HIS POWERS  
DON'T WORK  
IN HERE!

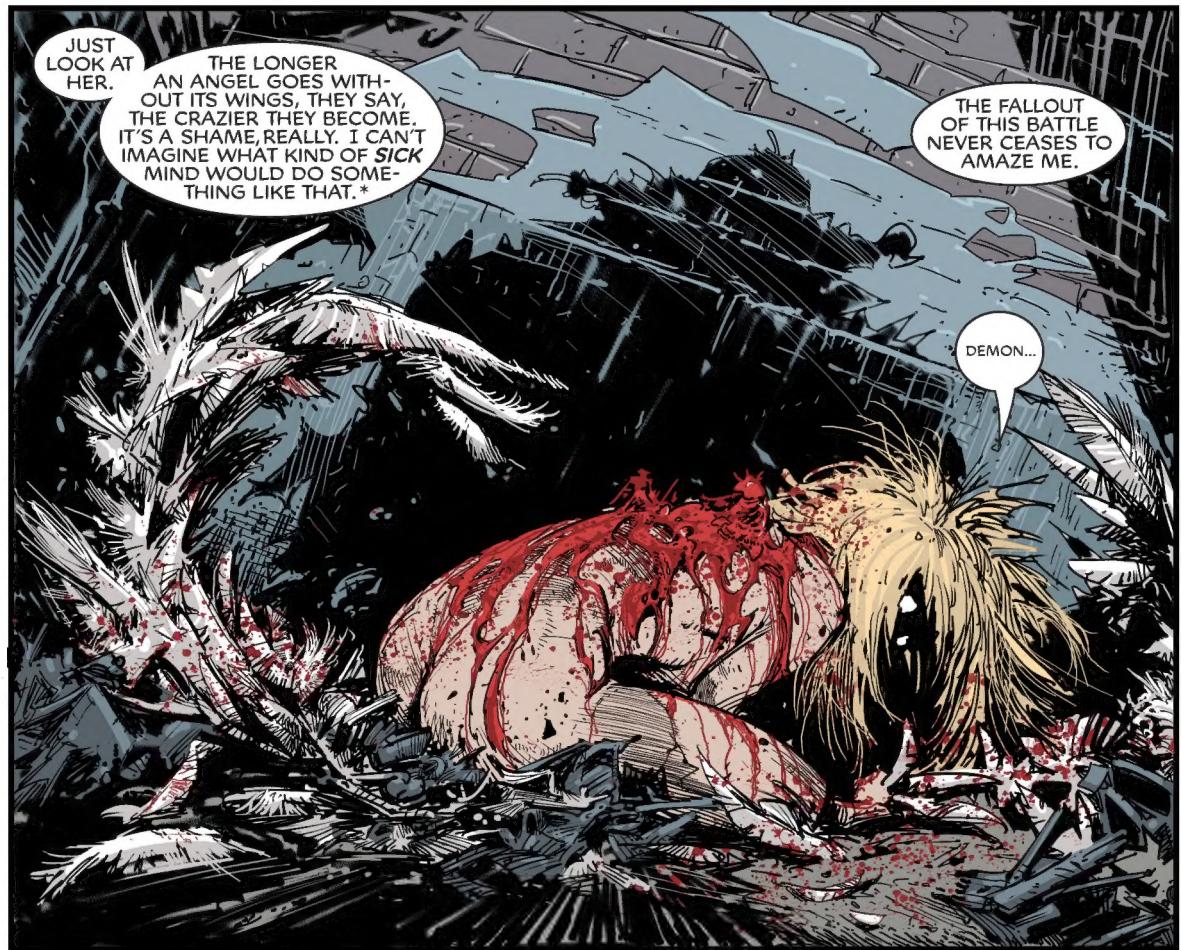
HE NEEDS  
YOU TO LEAVE  
THE CIRCLE,  
WHERE YOU'LL  
BE WEAK.











\*see issue 191--Todd.







Manhattan.



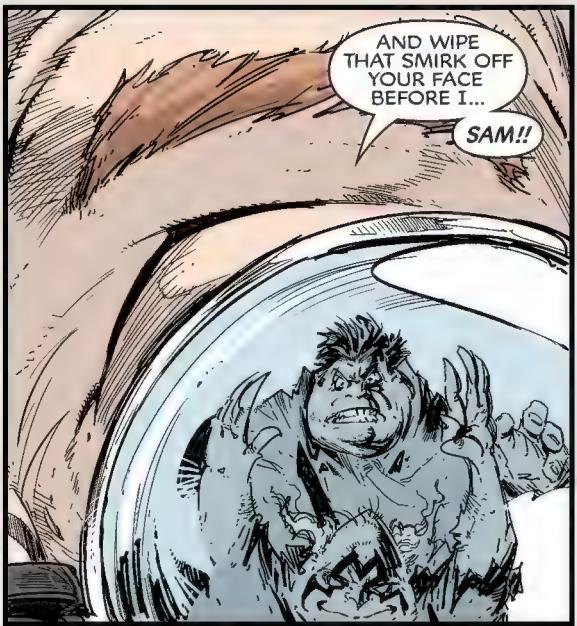




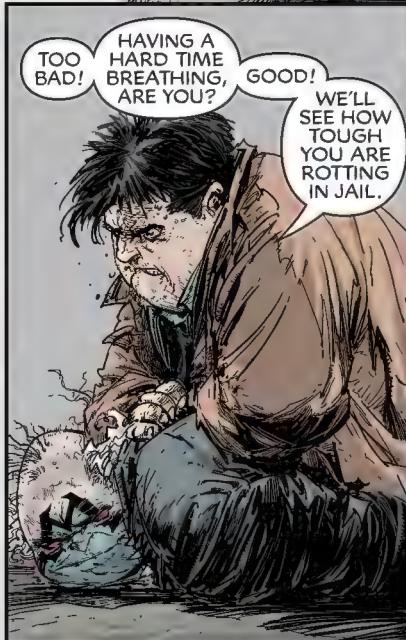








**THOOM**



I SWEAR! EVERY TIME I START FEELING GOOD ABOUT THIS JOB, I MEAN, TO THE POINT WHERE I ACTUALLY DON'T MIND GETTING UP IN THE MORNING--I HAVE TO DEAL WITH ANOTHER ONE OF THESE FRIGGIN' WHACK JOBS.

PISSED ON MY HOOD.

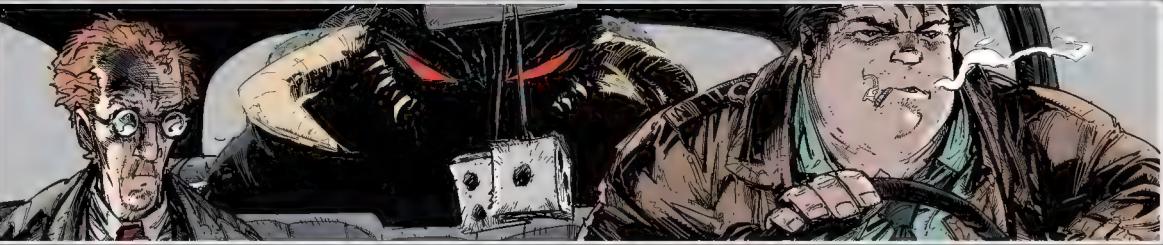
I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO FIND OUT WHERE HE LIVES. DRIVE STRAIGHT OVER THERE AND LAY A GIANT, FOOT-LONG TURD RIGHT ON HIS WINDSHIELD.

THEN TURN ON HIS WIPERS JUST TO SMEAR IT IN.

THAT'S FAIRLY MATURE, SIR.

TO HELL WITH MATURE!

IT'S OVER-RATED.



HEY, CALM DOWN BACK THERE...

HEY, TOMMY. HOW YOU AND THE MISSUS DOING?

GOOD. HEADING TO FLORIDA NEXT MONTH.

THAT'S GREAT.

I NEED YOU TO BOOK THIS LITTLE MIDGET OR DWARF, OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLING THEM THESE DAYS. SURPRISINGLY, HE DOESN'T HAVE IDENTIFICATION ON HIM. TWITCH WILL READ YOU THE CHARGES.

OKAY, LET'S START WITH YOUR FIRST NAME, MISTER, THEN GO FROM THERE.

I DON'T WANT ANY FUNNY BUSINESS. AND WHY'RE YOUR EYES SO DAMN RED? YOU ON SOMETHING?

NOTHING FUNNY BACK HERE.



I UNDERSTAND IT'S LATE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN RETURNING MY CALLS. AND THE DESK SERGEANT SAID YOU WORKED NIGHTS.

I APPRECIATE THAT, BUT WE'RE ALL BUSY WITH CASES. THAT'S THE REASON FOR MY CALL.

I FAXED TO YOUR OFFICE A LIST OF PEOPLE WHO AREN'T CO-OPERATING WITH OUR HOMICIDE INVESTIGATION. I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT SHED SOME LIGHT AS TO WHY THEIR SUDDEN SHYNESS.

NOW JUST...CALM DOWN.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR YOU TO DO MY WORK, AND YES, I UNDERSTAND WHERE MY JURISDICTION IS. I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE CONCERNED WITH A POSSIBLE MURDER CASE THAT LEADS TO YOUR CITY.

MY MISTAKE.

YEAH?

WELL, SAME TO YOU.

**SLAM**

LINDA, BOOK ME ON THE NEXT FLIGHT TO NEW YORK! I'LL DEAL WITH THIS IN PERSON!

YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST BEING A LITTLE ANAL AT FIRST...







THE NEW  
**UNHOLY  
TRINITY!**

AND  
I'LL KILL  
ANYONE  
THAT GETS IN  
MY WAY!





EMPIRE